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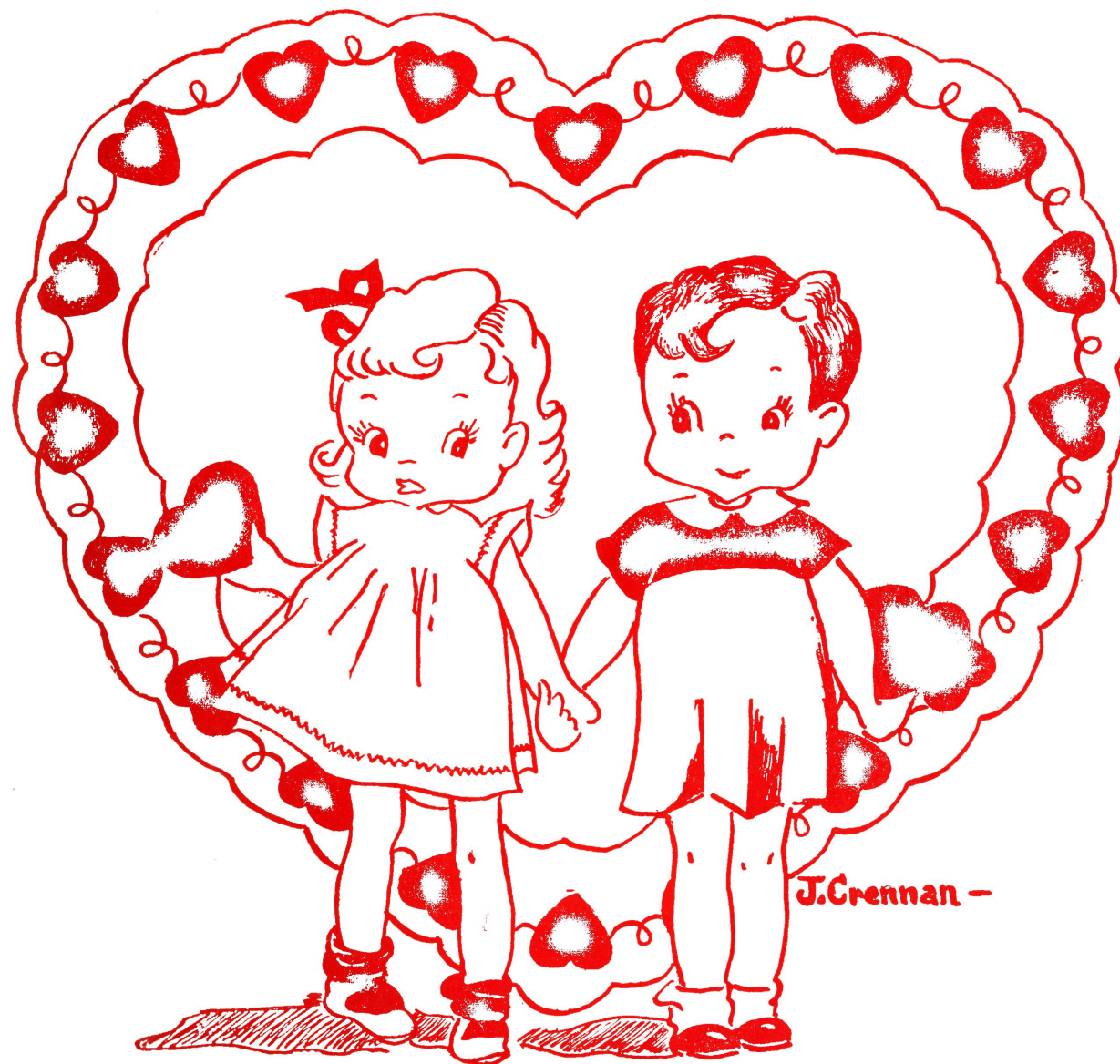
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PITTSFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

THE STUDENT'S PEN



FEBRUARY, 1948

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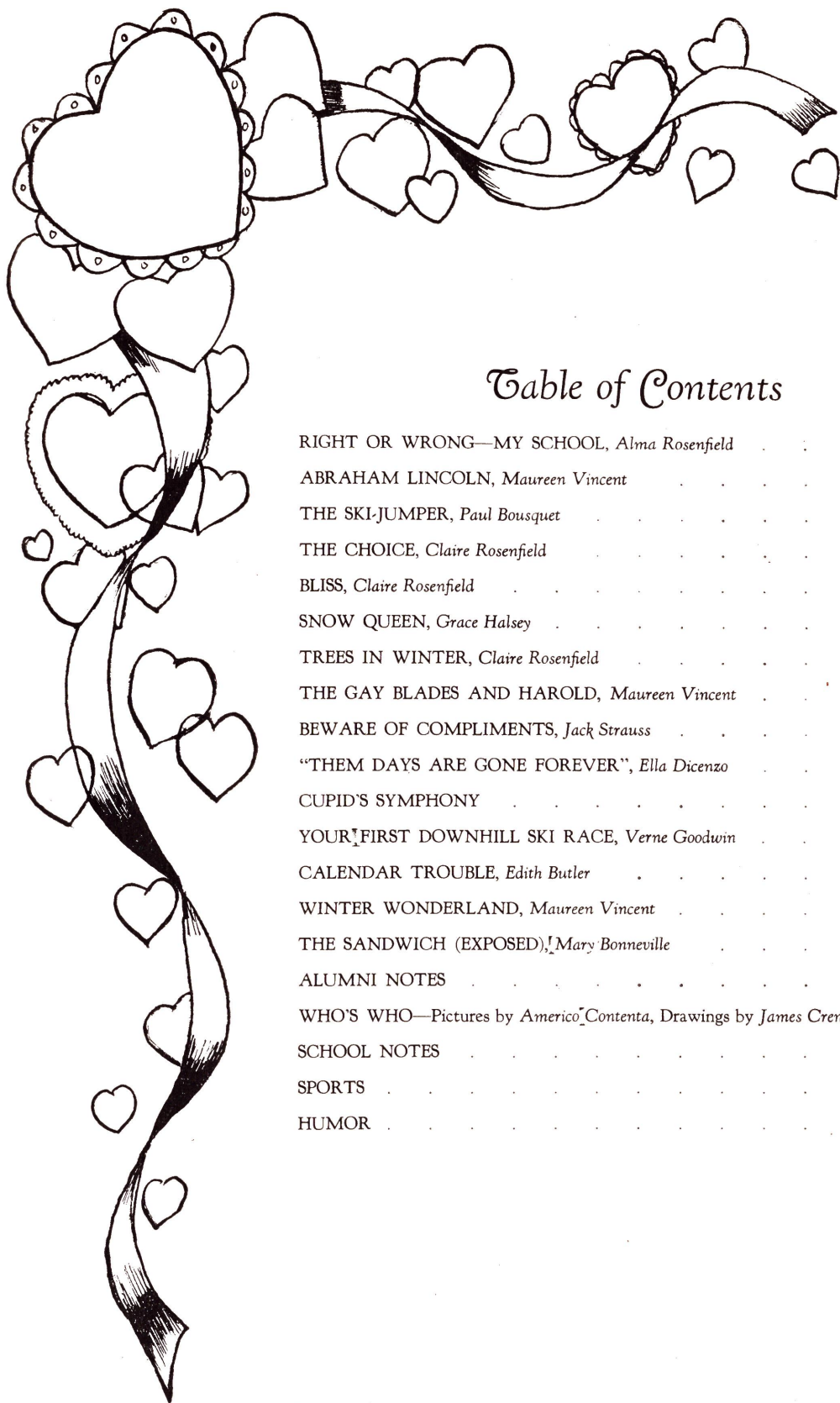
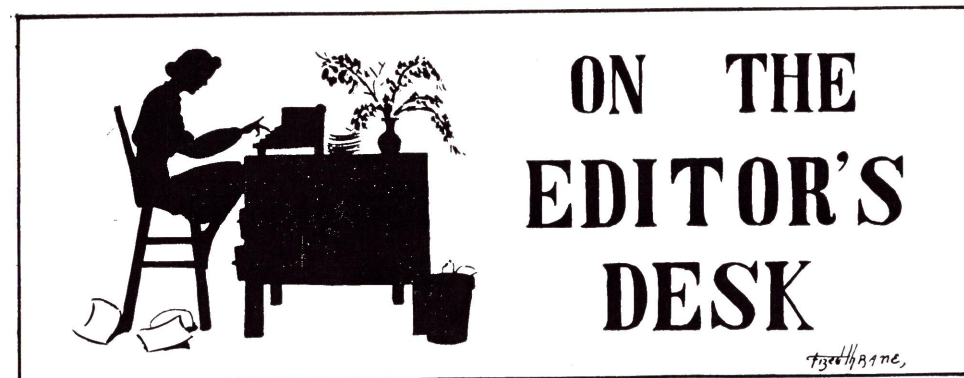


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ON THE EDITOR'S DESK

Elizabeth A. B. 1910.

Right or Wrong . . . My School

By Alma Rosenfield

THE word "loyalty" is a much-used, much-abused word, a word the meaning of which all people must discover sooner or later. We, as students who will soon take upon our shoulders the burdens and responsibilities that accompany age, should, by this time, know the meaning of loyalty. We should realize that loyalty can mean the success or failure of many of the projects that we shall undertake. We should be able to look beyond the dictionary meaning to the meaning which even Webster could not have expressed satisfactorily. But in reality how many of us have learned the significance of devotion to our family, to our friends, to our school, and to our country? How many of us really know the calamitous results that sometimes accompany disloyalty? How many of us truly realize what we are saying every morning when we recite perfunctorily, "I pledge allegiance . . . "?

During the recent world conflict we have seen many striking examples of loyalty both in the men who fought so valiantly to defend democracy and in those who stayed behind to furnish them with the weapons with which to accomplish their purpose. Even in school the students worked to put the bond drives over the top and competed with rival

schools in order to keep the Minute Man flag that they so proudly displayed. It seemed that we all knew the meaning of the word, "loyalty". Yet must it be remembered only in time of strife? Has it been forgotten so soon after the catastrophe that caused it to come forth? If so, it seems a shame that loyalty does not have the prominent place in peace that it had in war.

Let us look here in our school for projects which require loyalty in order to attain some degree of success. If the loyalty of the captain of one of our teams were to slacken, there would be no championships, no honors. More important, there would be no pleasure, none of the good sportsmanship that makes the sport worth while. If the loyalty of the class officers or the class advisers were reduced, there would be no proms, no committees, no memories that are a part of growing up. Realizing these things is realizing that Pittsfield High can neither be respected nor admired by the students of other schools unless her students are willing to back her with all they've got, with all the loyalty that she deserves.

We are all proud of Pittsfield High. Is it so hard to garnish that pride with loyalty?

The Ski-Jumper

By Paul Bousquet

NEARLY six feet tall, with blond hair and blue eyes, he gave one the impression that he was a Norwegian;—an impression that was confirmed by his dress and manner. His deeply tanned face and keen alertness showed that he was a man of the outdoors.

He was very calm as he adjusted his skis at the top of the jump. No, he wasn't afraid. He had been jumping since he was five years old. That's three decades ago! Jumping certainly was born in him. But that was not the real reason why he wasn't afraid.

He told me that he had been lucky in his many years of jumping, with the exception of one jump. Then he had jumped too late, and the wind had caught the tips of his skis, throwing him completely off balance. He had plunged head-long into the hard packed snow, slid nearly one hundred feet, and crashed into an embankment. Both of his legs, three ribs and his shoulders had been broken. But the very next season he was back jumping again. He was as good as before, for he won the National Jumping Championship just one year after he had been hurt.

Just as he was about ready to jump, I popped the question that I had wanted to ask him for a long time. Was he afraid,—afraid deep down inside of him? He gave me a quick glance and said, "As I slide down this jumping-ramp at nearly sixty miles an hour, leap into the air, and fly over one hundred and fifty feet before my skis touch the snow again, I don't feel alone or afraid. A man who is a true believer in God is never alone. I feel close to Him as I fly through the air, the wind whipping my face, and the ground zipping past me."

As I watched him glide down the ramp and leap into the air, I didn't see just one person. No, he was not alone; God was with him.

THE CHOICE

By Claire Rosenfield

On either side of life's short path they stand;
The sight of one would make a strong man start

With fear; her voice the kindly world could part

In bloody halves with but one fierce command.

But there is one whose step is light and grand,
Whose words can banish pain from any heart;
The stars are dull beside her peaceful art,
And fear will flee the touch of one small hand.

To choose between is not a toilsome deed,
For one is cruel as is the heartless fray;
The other, gentle like a snow-white dove,
For she whose face is marked with hostile greed

Is Hate; and she whose face is fair as day,
Whose smile will light this narrow way, is Love.

BLISS

By Claire Rosenfield

New-born into this hungry, grasping land,
The infant stretches tiny hands in air
As if, not knowing yet of earth's despair,
To hold the world within its little hand
And make mankind obey its mute command;
For he indeed is blessed who has no share
In age's piercing pain and adult care
To which our kind are subject, mean or grand.

The time will come, O little one, to know
The burdens of an older, weary heart
And feel the pangs much sharper than a knife
Which now do not disturb your rest with woe.

Smile on in guileless joy and play your part
In Childhood's drama, the first great act of life.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

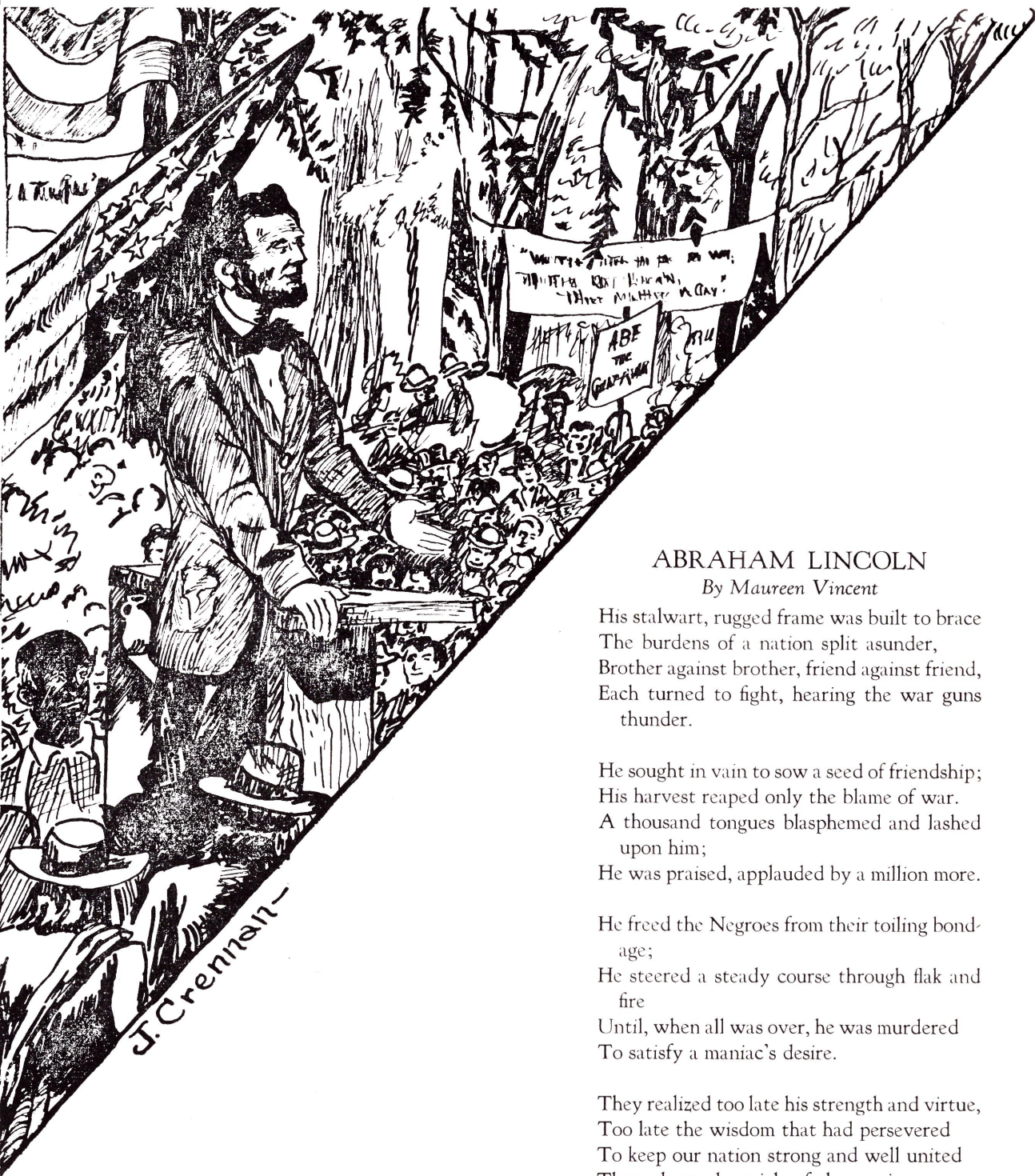
By Maureen Vincent

His stalwart, rugged frame was built to brace
The burdens of a nation split asunder,
Brother against brother, friend against friend,
Each turned to fight, hearing the war guns thunder.

He sought in vain to sow a seed of friendship;
His harvest reaped only the blame of war.
A thousand tongues blasphemed and lashed upon him;
He was praised, applauded by a million more.

He freed the Negroes from their toiling bondage;
He steered a steady course through flak and fire
Until, when all was over, he was murdered
To satisfy a maniac's desire.

They realized too late his strength and virtue,
Too late the wisdom that had persevered
To keep our nation strong and well united
Throughout the trials of the coming years.



Snow Queen

By Grace Halsey

PENNY swept out of the room, slamming the door shut behind her. The idea—asking her to be chairman of the Winter Carnival when Judy Anderson, who was her mortal enemy, was sure to be chosen queen! It was really too much to ask of anyone. The humiliation of crowning Judy, would be too much to bear.

After leaving the school building, Penny started to hurry home but decided to take a walk in the park first to calm her nerves. She wasn't a temperamental girl, but Judy had always been a sore spot with her. Mrs. Anderson and her mother were fast friends, and although Penny was two years Judy's senior, the girls had been hurled together since childhood. Penny was an attractive brown-haired girl, but Judy, with her golden curls and dainty features, had always been everyone's pet. When they were children Penny had worshiped Judy because of her beauty, but as they grew older she began to resent Judy's popularity.

When Penny reached high school, things seemed a little brighter. She had a brilliant mind and soon became a leader in school affairs. Moreover she met Ken Martin, later captain of the football team. Thrown together because of their mutual interest in school activities, the two young people had formed a fast friendship, which in their senior year had blossomed into love, although neither of them spoke of it.

Then Judy entered high school, and Ken met her. Her gay, careless, pretty ways attracted him, and he began to see more of her. Of course, he did not desert Penny,—their friendship was too deep for that—but he did spend half of his time with Judy.

And now the Senior Class Council wanted Penny to take charge of the carnival and crown Judy Snow Queen. Well, she

wouldn't do it, that's all there was to it. Having made up her mind, she went home.

That night there was a meeting of the Year-book Committee, after which Ken walked home with her.

At first they talked at random of the happenings of the day, and then Ken said, "I hear you refused to serve as Chairman of the Winter Carnival. What gives? You know you're the only one who can swing a big deal like that."

Then the unuttered resentment of months flashed through her mind, and her restraint gave way. "What! and make a gorgeous display of Judy Anderson!" she cried. "You would just love that, wouldn't you?"

Ken looked at her, and her curious behavior of the past few months suddenly ceased to be a puzzle.

"Why, Penny, you shouldn't think of it that way. Why, Judy is just a pretty little kid. You've no reason to be jealous of her, She can't measure up to you, but she is fun, and sometimes you're so doggone serious about things. Then, too, I've been helping her with her math because she'll never get through school if her marks don't pick up. Mr. Harburg says I can get an extra point credit for coaching her."

Penny looked up at him, unbelievably at first, but then joyfully.

And when the day of the Winter Carnival arrived, Penny happily placed the Snow Queen crown on Judy's head.

TREES IN WINTER

By Claire Rosenfield

The snows that in the winter gleam,
That from the heavens drift down,
Upon the swaying treetops seem
A jewel crown.

The Gay Blades and Harold

By Maureen Vincent

HAROLD JONES was sixteen, an active young man in that he indulged in football, where he had starred as best bench warmer, and in basketball, where he was serving in the same capacity. Now Harold's parents had presented him with a pair of ice skates for Christmas, hoping that their pride and joy would become somewhat of a skater. Therefore, we find Harold bravely venturing onto the ice rink one Sunday morning as sole exhibitor under the guidance of his uncle.

After some grotesque, frantic movements of his arms, and wobbles of his extremely long, spindly legs, he managed to stand with some dignity while awaiting his uncle's first command.

"Here, Harold, hang onto this stick. It'll help you keep your balance. There, that's better. Now put one of your feet forward."

Considering that he would cover more distance by pushing both feet forward rather than just one, Harold proceeded to do just this and completed the maneuver reclining full length on the ice. Having finally accomplished the art of rising while on skates, he executed two very peculiar forward glides before he again collapsed to the ice. Not to be daunted, our hero arose with grim determination and set jaw, sure of conquering this obstacle. Clapping his mittened hands together, he surged forward with renewed strength, completing an amazing somersault.

"Why, Harold, you surprised me! I didn't know you were so talented," exclaimed his uncle.

"Neither did I," muttered Harold as he gingerly gathered himself together and stood up shakily, rubbing his back.

"Now try once more, Harold. One foot forward. That's right. Now the other foot.

Nice, very nice. Now keep gliding without moving your legs. Turn at the curve, remember."

Harold kept gliding. Approaching the curve in the rink, he tried to turn as his uncle had instructed him, but his muscles would not permit him to do so. As he moved toward the snow bank, his legs kept spreading farther and farther apart; his eyes widened as he noticed his plight, and in a panicky effort to regain his balance, he waved his arms aimlessly about his head. Then—the collision.

Harold's uncle revived him by rubbing snow in his face, and after his nephew had removed his skates and collected his nerves and limbs, they departed for home.

At dinner that evening Mrs. Jones asked, "Harold, dear, how did your first skating lesson go?"

"Oh, pretty well, Mom. I'm going down to Coach Willis tomorrow and apply for admission to the hockey team."



Beware of Compliments

By Jack Strauss

VANITY, thy name is man. And being vain, oh, members of the "stronger sex", beware of women and their lethal weapon—the compliment.

"Oh, Butch, you dance divinely," says petite Mary Lou to tall, broad, and clumsy Butch, the two hundred ten pound tackle of Youthville High.

Yes, Butch is a smooth dancer—if you think steps like an elephant lead to good dancing. But Butch—good, old, gullible Butch—falls hook, line, and sinker, and says to himself, "Gee, Mary Lou is a swell gal. I think I'll take her to the Victory dinner." (Only football players and guests allowed.)

So Mary Lou has cajoled her way into the select group allowed to attend the football festival. Mary can now high-hat her friends. Yes, these feline fair ones,—who are generally referred to as the female sex, though better names enter my mind—are mistresses of the compliment, and we helpless men are their victims.

Let us take the case, the pitiful case, of Wilbur Wilmington, Jr. Now Willie is a good-natured fellow, but rather effeminate. However, Willie has a car, and it's a shame the way those she-wolves take advantage of the poor fellow. There is Virginia, who uses a routine all her own in an effort to snag an automobile ride. It goes something like this.

"Oh, Willie-Pie, you he-man, you. I'm so fragile and delicate, and you're so big and strong. I'm supposed to be in Albany tomorrow for my girl-friend's party, but little ole me has no way of getting there. You couldn't take me, Willie dear, could you?"

"Well, gee, I don't know. I guess I could, but—"

"Thanks a lot, Will. I knew you wouldn't

refuse a lady. By the way, my boyfriend Jerry is going with me. I guess I'll leave you now and tell Jerry how swell of you it was to ask us to go."

See what I mean? We poor males haven't a chance against these "parasites". But before we further inveigh against these tormentors, let us look at another typical female schemer.

Her name is Jo Anne. She's one of those "upper-crust" gals. And then there is Si, whom Jo Anne is "sweet" on. However, Si goes steady with a Miss "Skippy" Warner. That in no way perturbs Jo Anne. She merely takes it as a challenge, and goes to work on our young hero.

"Oh, Si, I'm having a party at my house Wednesday. You'll come, of course. All your friends will be there."

And Si, thinking that everything will be on the up and up, accepts the invitation. But when the young man arrives at the swanky home of Jo Anne, he finds—only Jo Anne there.

"Jack and George didn't feel well, Selma and Rhoda and a few others had homework to do and couldn't come," exclaims our tigress to the suspicious young gentleman. "But you don't mind being alone with me, do you, handsome?"

This, of course, weakens Si, and Jo Anne moves in for the kill.

"The 'Sweetheart' dance is next month, and I haven't been asked yet."

Si blushes a bit, realizing what the pert brunette is trying to do. But weakened by her echo of compliments, he rattles out with "Chicken, come home to roost. I'll take you to the dance and any place else you desire."

"Oh, you wonderful man, you," exclaims the joyous, jubilant Jo Anne in her continuation of the compliment act.

Of course, if you heard the story from Jo Anne, it would go a little differently.

It seems that Si had asked Jo Anne to go to the "Sweetheart" dance with him, but Jo Anne, not wanting to doublecross Skippy (Si's steady) refused. However, Si continued

to ask, and not wanting Si to go around broken hearted, Jo Anne accepted.

So, fellows, the next time a girl tries to smuggle her way into some cozy place with you via a compliment, remember this: compliments are like soap,—mainly "lye".

"Them Days Are Gone Forever"

By Ella Diczewicz

REMEMBER a few short years ago when, around this time of year, there appeared on teacher's desk a large carton, gaily decorated with white paper, red hearts, and lace doilies with tiny cupids aiming their bows and arrows at your heart?

Occasionally a bashful boy or girl would shyly steal up to the box and oh, so lovingly drop into it the over-sized envelope with its precious cargo—a cargo full of love and hope, (even if we did call it "puppy love"!)

Everyone was affected by the magic box. The girls teetered and giggled as they passed by it, dropping in their sacred valentines. After school the boys sought to peek into its dim sanctity, trying—in vain—to guess who could possibly have sent *them* those big ones!

Finally the long-awaited day arrived! Our faces were shining with anticipation as the magic box was opened. While the teacher appointed those who would be "mailmen", we would steal a shy glance at the person who we hoped would send us a "special" valentine. After we had received our missives, we'd open them furtively and tremblingly. Then amid the din of laughter and chokes of surprise and perhaps, of sorrow, we'd open the big one and slowly draw out the lacy

valentine. It was from *him!* (oh, heart, dear heart!)

With a sigh of relief and happiness we'd start looking over the other valentines once more. Of course, they were not all so sweet as that one. There were the comic valentines with their not too funny jingles and monstrous caricatures. They came from the class jesters. There were the silly ones, with the sing-song verses. They were from shy Billy and blushing, bashful Johnny. Remember?

But why reminisce now? Those days are gone forever. We cannot live again those precious moments except in memory. Yet not one of us is free from the magic of this day, for although it isn't spring, it is Leap Year, and a young woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love! (?)

CUPID'S SYMPHONY

The day of days has come at last,
The day which makes our hearts beat fast,
The day which issues lace and frills,
The day which fills our hearts with thrills,
The day your beau his love admits,
The day your lass her heart submits,
The day when all fond hearts beat time,
To the music composed by St. Valentine.

Your First Downhill Ski Race

By Verne Goodwin



HAVE you ever been in a ski race?" You feel quite important as you ski up to the lift with a piece of oilcloth tied on your chest and back. It bears the number "21."

As you ride on the chair lift up to the starting point, you look down at the race course and immediately the butterflies enter your stomach. Funny, but you can't remember ever having seen the course look so steep before—and those bumps! Why couldn't you have entered it last week when the trail was smoother?

You reach the top with cold perspiration on your forehead. You go over to the starting line and take off your skis.

"What wax are you using, Bob?" you ask.

"Red paraffin," replies Bob.

You begin rubbing on a little red paraffin over your lacquer.

The first racer is at the starting line now. The starter puts one hand on his shoulder and looks intently at the stop watch. He counts off the remaining seconds, "Five, four, three, two, one, go!"

The racer pales off down the trail.

At one minute intervals the racers are started off. You have twenty minutes to wait, so you sit down and lace your boots tight. You slowly put on your skis, taking

the utmost care to see that they are properly adjusted. You slide them back and forth to see if the wax is right.

Your number is coming up now. Number nineteen takes off and then twenty. You feel the starter's hand on your shoulder as you move up to the line. He's talking now, "Five, four, three, two, one, go!"

You're off! Now you're on your own. Your wax certainly was right. Here's the first turn! You edge in to take it high and close so as to be able to side slip down the gully. Now you're down the gully and around the S turn.

Be careful, here comes the first schuss! As you come over the top, you check hard to cut down your speed. You hope you've picked the right line through the bumps.

There, that's it! Hold the corner now, and you'll be doing fine.

Now you're stemming down the corridor. Then two left turns, a sharp dip, and the top of the lower schuss.

At the last minute you see the holes where quite a few other racers have fallen. You decide that you can't take it as you had planned! You'll have to take it straight!

Faster, faster, faster you go down. Now you're doing fine. Watch the transition at the bottom.

But there are the finish flags!

You're through!

CARDS FROM CARDS

By E. Suitor, Jr.

To receive from a friend or acquaintance a card

On St. Valentine's Day is a joy ever new,
But the card I abhor's sent by some witty whack

With a signature reading, "Guess Who?"

Calendar Trouble

By Edith Butler

AS Wilber hurriedly glanced at the large grandfather's clock in the hall, he was completely dismayed to find that the time was precisely nine p. m. One of the season's great occasions, the formal Victory dance, was to be held tonight, March first; but if he had any expectations of arriving at the dance, he would certainly have to hurry.

Donning his hat and coat, he rushed out the door, and, in his haste, literally flew down the steps with a loud bang at the bottom. However, he survived uninjured and hurried toward Brenda Lane's residence. Brenda was new and popular at school, and he wanted to make a good impression on her. He paused for a moment upon reaching his destination, to re-adjust his tie, smooth down a recalcitrant lock of hair, and give a final pat to his boutonniere. Then he knocked at the door. Quite unceremoniously it was flung open to reveal a horrifying sight. There before him was a repelling mass of curlers, cold-cream, blue jeans, and someone who, beneath the disguise, slightly resembled Brenda. There was a scream, a whiz up the near-by stairs, and the vision was gone. Perhaps he was dreaming! He was completely bewildered. Of course, this was the right night. Why, just yesterday was February twenty-eighth; consequently, this must be March first.

Now Mrs. Lane came to the door and, trying to put poor Wilber at his ease, asked him why he was all dressed up and what he wanted. What does he want!?? After he had dressed up for one of the best dances of the year, she asks him what he wants! When he told her, it took about every ounce of her self-control to keep from laughing.

"Why, Wilber," she exclaimed, "you should have looked at the 1948 calendar. Tomorrow is March first. This is February twenty-ninth. It's Leap Year!"

Winter Wonderland

By Maureen Vincent

WE who live in the Berkshires may consider ourselves the most fortunate people alive. Not only does Nature supply us with plenty of amusing occupations during the summertime, but she also makes sure of our having enough outdoor entertainment during the winter. The wooded green hills and mountains, which, during the summer, provide swimming in hidden lakes and picnics in cool shady spots, become vested in white ermine when winter arrives, supplying tempting spots for avid skiers and skaters to demonstrate their skill.

Even non-skiers and non-skaters are attracted to ski-runs and rinks to watch some experienced sportsmen attempt difficult christies and figure eights. Perhaps some inexperienced gay character on skates will then shout, "Hey, looka me," push forward, and glide on one skate runner until he falls through some thin ice.

Also, think of the panic of the novice skier as he speeds rapidly down an incline only to see a venerable, deep-rooted elm tree rise suddenly into view. Unable to turn, he rushes—kaplunk!—into the tree and—after a speedy recovery—we find him once more gliding down the same trail—this time conscious of the major obstacle in his way.

Our annual Winter Carnival gives the really good sportsmen a chance to exhibit their abilities in contests—cross country ski races, skating and sledding races, and many boys and girls represent our county in interstate racing.

However, it is not necessary to be a Sonja Henie on ice or a Verne Goodwin on skis to get thorough enjoyment out of these sports, and opportunities afforded for winter sports in the Berkshires make possible a real merry-go-round of fun in our Winter Wonderland.

The Sandwich [exposed]

By Mary Bonneville

WHEN the first sandwich was eaten, it was doubtless meant as a novelty, a light lunch. Today it has us in its grip; its hold is like any mania. This menace has spread its influence pretending to be a boon to mankind until now it has millions as its slaves. Most susceptible to its attack are those of high school age who pack a lunch. It is in their behalf that this expose of the harmless-looking sandwich is written.

Consider! What is the first thought of the average high school student when he wakes in the morning? No, he's not contemplating a Latin test or anxious to see that new member in his English class. He would be thankful if all he had to look forward to were that test; but he is weakly shivering, not from cold, but from struggling with that eternal problem—WHAT can he put between those two slices of bread?

By the time the problem is solved, precious minutes have been lost. Only a few seconds remain in which he must run to the bus stop.

It is thus that such a seemingly innocent thing as cheese on rye tires everyone before the day has really begun. The unsuspecting teachers, who have not as yet become aware of this monster, blame an occasional yawn or even a nap in class to entirely different causes.

In addition to fatigue, the morning rush also results in hunger. To give himself strength to climb the stairs, our student glides into the locker section and takes a few nibbles at this luncheon sandwich until—Bzzzz—the bell has rung and he is late for class. Who is blamed? Not sandwich, but student! How unfair!

If he has withstood the strain of the morning, said student finally finds himself seated with friends in the cafeteria.

One of his fellows who has had similar harrowing experiences says, "I smell egg salad. Hate the stuff."

Since his nerves are somewhat frayed, Egg Salad answers, "Who cares what you think?"

Cold, hard silence follows while all eat cold, lumpy sandwiches.

With this cheerful morning behind him, Average Student is prepared for his next class and ready to face the remainder of the day. But as night falls, he must again consider that ever-present problem—rye or white?—lettuce or cheese?

It is evident that the innocent looking sandwich could be the root of as much evil as money is. At least money has been exposed as a menace, while the sandwich has not been regarded by so much as a suspicious glance.

Nevertheless like an ill wind, it cannot help blowing us a little good. For instance, it is an outlet for pent-up creative imagination, an important phase of development. It is a true friend and companion, since it stays with us (as they say); and it is one symbol of high school life.

It is therefore to the lowly sandwich I dedicate these lines:

To a Sandwich

I have a little sandwich
That goes to school with me.
Though it's not as good as candy
It's good enough for me.
It causes many troubles
And also many pains,
For it's bone dry when it's hottest
And soggy when it rains.



By Ella Diczno and Barbara Rose

P. H. S. is proud of Art Ditmar, who recently signed a contract with the Philadelphia Athletics. Art captained our baseball squad last year and proved himself an excellent pitcher. Brother George Ditmar, also a P. H. S. grad, is studying business administration at Williams College.

Nicholas Mele, who was chairman of the Yearbook for the Class of '47, looked grand in his G. I. uniform when he was recently home on furlough.

Donald Debacher, voted most brilliant student of '47 and given several meritorious awards, is doing excellent work at R. P. I. Don is studying chemical engineering.

Barbara ("Bobbie") Kinghorn, class of '46, who wanted to be a doctor, is continuing her studies at the University of Massachusetts.

Athena D. Giftos, P. H. S. '46 whose knowledge won her a scholarship, is making her ambition "to be a linguist" come true. She is now in her sophomore year at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine.

Studying to be on a par with our P. H. S. teachers are Doris Cauffman and Barbara Nicholls. Both are at Framingham State Teachers' College.

Not feeling well? Get in touch with Rosemary Eagan, who's studying nursing at the College of St. Rose in Albany.

Remember Rodney Brown, basketball star of other years? He's studying at Bryant College in Providence, R. I.

Two music-minded misses, Jean ("Cooky")

Cusato '46 and Charlotte Eberwein '47 are majoring in music studies at Skidmore College.

Marjorie Sottung '46 is at Becker Junior College in Worcester, where she hopes to become a full-fledged medical assistant come graduation in June.

Another girl interested in medicine is Patricia May. Pat is studying at Green Mountain Junior College so that she can be a medical secretary.

Yolanda Elso, first winner of the Annual Retail Scholarship and a member of the Class of '47, is continuing on her path of success at the Traphagen School of Design.

James Coughlin, Joseph Bolster and Christopher Barrecca, all of the Class of '46, were recently discharged from the Army after serving eighteen months.

Eleanor Bonin, class of '46, is now in her sophomore year at Boston University.

William Troy, better known as Bill, has been recently elected president of an honor society, the Maroon Key, at the University of Massachusetts.

Private First Class Irving McCoy, a graduate of the Class of '46, is now with the 622nd M. P. Division in Nagoya, Japan.

Robert ("Bees") Prendergast, co-captain of the '46 baseball team, entered Seton Hall College at South Orange, N.J., on February 1.

John Rose, class of '47, is enrolled at the Berkshire School in Sheffield.

Marion Bruni, a member of the Class of '46, is now studying at Boston University.

WHO'S WHO



"BUGS"

Students, attention please!!! Step up and meet Edward Mlynarczyk, star right end on our crack football squad. "Bugs", as he is known to all of us, rates football first on his list of favorites, while ice skating ranks a very close second. His favorite food is steak and French fries, while "The Anniversary Song" is tops with him as far as music is concerned. "Bugs" has no future plans as yet, but whatever he decides upon, we wish him luck. Oh, and by the way, as far as girls are concerned, we quote, (I like 'em all!!!)

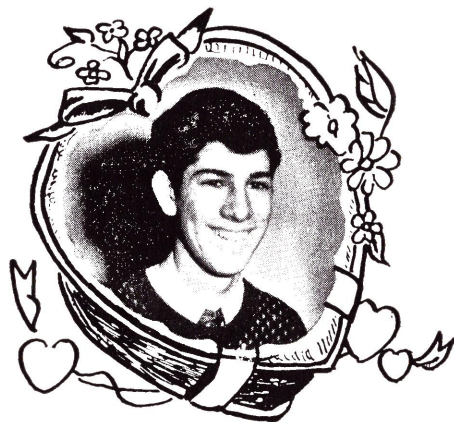
HIGH STEPPER

One of the more colorful seniors around our school is drum majorette, Alice Murray. When she steps out at the head of the band, it's all "eyes right" where "Jimmie" is. She can fling her baton with all the skill of a professional. Ranking high on Alice's list of favorites are food, aviation, sports, and "someone with brown eyes and a bashful nature." Her only pet peeve is to be called "Shorty".



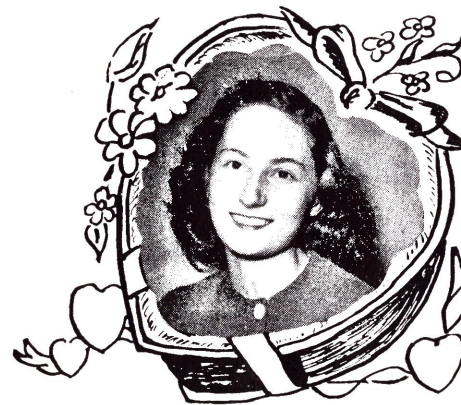
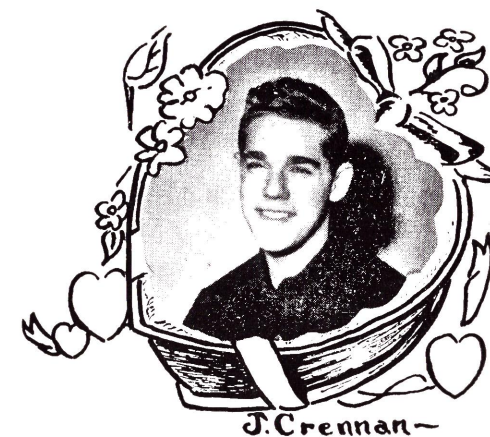
GUS

This is THE PEN's Vocational Editor, Giuliano Guisti. Being a senior, he hopes to enter the G. E. Apprentice Course when he graduates. Hunting and fishing are his main hobbies and he also enjoys basketball. As for food, well, he is partial to Raviolis, but when it comes to girls, I quote him "I don't discuss them" unquote. We are sure you will succeed in your course, Giuliano.



SCORE! SCORE!

You've seen him on the basketball court and on the football field; now, students, you meet him formally,—Bud Cauffman, our P. H. S. basketball captain and member of Torch Hi-Y. Bud's favorite foods are breaded veal and spaghetti; his pastime, dancing. As for girls, he prefers blondes and brunettes. After graduation Bud's main ambition is to become a coach.

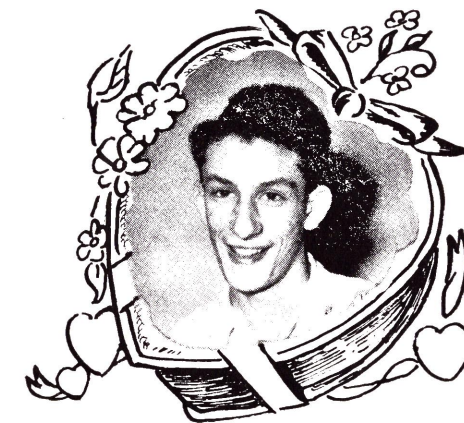


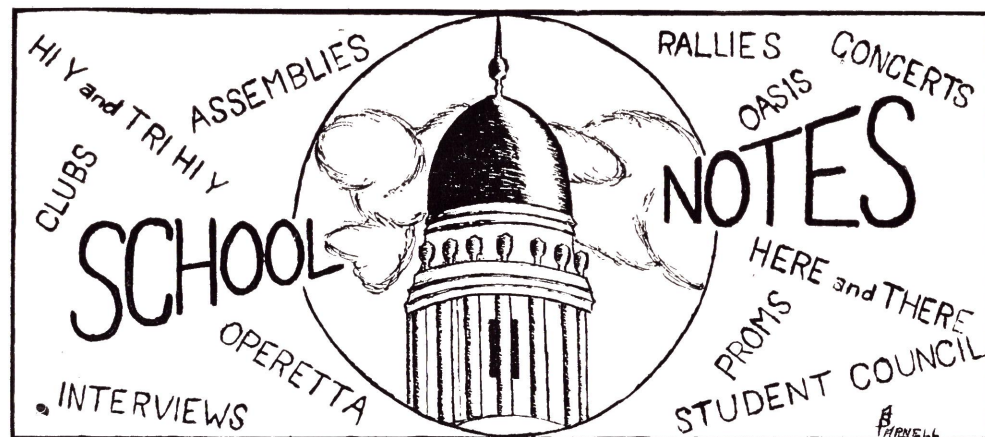
YUM YUM

The pretty soprano who takes the part of Yum-Yum in the coming operetta "The Mikado" is Carolyn Burt. In addition to having been in the operetta casts during her three years in P. H. S., Carolyn also belongs to Gamma Tri-Hi-Y, is a member of the Student Council, and is serving on the Activities Committee for the Year Book. Her favorite pastime is dancing; her favorite food, a "moron's delight". After graduating from high school, Carolyn plans to attend Westbrook Junior College.

"BOBO"

"Baskets here, baskets there, baskets, baskets everywhere" introduces none other than our sensational forward, William "Bobo" Quadrozzi. Bobo is fond of all sports, but he smilingly admits that basketball, baseball, and golf top the list. Among his other likes are history with Mr. Reynolds, spaghetti and meatballs, and eating ice cream to the tune of "Pass That Peace Pipe". As yet Bobo is just enjoying life and, playing basketball, and in these, he's certainly tops on our list.





Margaret Kelly, School Notes Editor
Gulliano Guisti, Vocational Editor

Assistants—Dolores Bernardo, June Gaviorno, Marion Walsh, Joyce Gasper, Susanne Brosseau, Marjorie Sununu, Miriam Najimy, Elaine Morrier, Mary Kelley, Marilyn Garrity, Helen Giftos, Betty Bianchi, Leona Gale, Barbara Kimball, Jean Krook, Elaine Paduano, Jean McDonald, Eleanor Lynch, Emma Jones, Laura Stoskins, Barbara Rosa, Ella Diczno, Robert Jordan.

"THE MIKADO"

The various people seen bustling about the corridors of P. H. S. these past few weeks are none other than your classmates preparing for the presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan's delightful and comical operetta "The Mikado".

The cast, operetta orchestra, and chorus under the direction of Mr. F. Carl Gorman are all doing their very best to make the performances a huge success.

Alice Cowley and Dom Diczno, who are co-chairmen of the operetta, and their committees are continuing to work earnestly in their fields.

The reports seem to indicate that the audience will be more than satisfied with the performances which will be given the twelfth and thirteenth of this month.

RADIO DRAMATICS CLUB

P. H. S. will soon be on the air! Under the guidance of Mr. Joseph McMahon, a Radio Dramatics Club has been formed. This organization will give those students who show an active interest in script writing, acting, and producing a real chance to express themselves.

Mr. Joseph Wiener of station WBEC is the originator of the club.

ASSEMBLIES

On Thursday, December 4, 1947, a very timely and interesting lecture was given in the auditorium by Dr. F. Arnold Young on the topic "Manners for Minors". This lecture was given in such an interesting manner that all who attended really learned more than they had expected in the way of manners and etiquette. Dr. Young stressed the importance of good manners in the school as well as in the home. At the close of this fine lecture, several pupils in the audience asked questions concerning the topics which the doctor had spoken about. Since this very fine talk by Dr. Young, we think a great improvement has come about in manners at Pittsfield High. Let's keep it that way!!!

"The Conquest of Mt. McKinley" was the title of a lecture and movie given on December 9, 1947 by Mr. Bradford Washburn. This lecture was the story of a group of men and one woman, and the ordeals which they faced in the climbing of Mt. McKinley, the highest mountain in North America. The movies, in beautiful color, were enjoyed by all. The majestic beauty of Mt. McKinley will never be realized by many people until, like us, they have seen such wonderful pictures.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

At a meeting of the Student Council held early in November, the question of providing a smoking room was discussed with great interest. James Burns suggested that, but before the Council came to a decision, the matter was settled for the time being by parental vote.

Principal Strout told the Council that the parents had voted absolutely no on the question of a smoking room.

On November 21, a meeting of the Student Council was held in Room 57 of the Household Arts Department. After a desert luncheon was served, it was decided that a collection be taken up in the home rooms and sent to CARE. The amount of money collected for CARE was \$170.61.

At this meeting Mary Kelley was elected chairman of the Cafeteria Committee.

At the November 25 meeting of the Council, Eleanor Lynch was elected Publicity and Program chairman, and Cyrus Henry was elected chairman of the grounds. The Council decided to send a sunshine basket to Tony Sachetti, a council member, who was in the hospital.

On December 8, a joint meeting with the House of Representatives was held. The purpose of this meeting was to nominate representatives and senators for Good Government Day to be held in Boston on February 20.

The Council met with Principal Strout, Miss Parker, and Mr. Maloney and decided to have the home rooms vote on whether Pittsfield High School should support one student from St. Joseph's to go to the meeting in Boston. The student body voted almost unanimously to carry out his scheme, but it was not necessary, as future counts showed.

On December 12, 1947, Mr. Strout explained to the Council and the House that we were under no obligation to vote for any St. Joseph candidate, and that in brief, we were to vote as we wished.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

On November 21 the Motion Picture Club had a meeting and chose "Crossfire" and "Where There's Life" for the pictures of December.

The notes compiled by the Committee for the Tenth Anniversary were read by the members of the committee: Richard Hamilton, chairman; John Coughlin, Mario Bruni and Glenn Carson. The past presidents are—1937-38 Jane Bevan; 1938-39 Marion Rhoades; 1939-40 Eunice Potter; 1940-41 Alice Eurbin; 1941-42 Jess Davis; 1942-43 Rolland Jones; 1943-44 Donald Morey; 1944-45 Joshua Alpern; 1945-46 Robertine Watson; 1946-47 Selma Garbowit; 1948-49 Louise Elliot.

Selma Garbowit gave a very interesting talk. Letters were read from Mrs. Marion Rhoades Giansivacusa, Rolland Jones, president of the Senior Class at State Teachers College in North Adams. Donald Morey is now in Germany.

The special events during the year, the best actors, actresses, and pictures of the preceding years were read.

Mario Bruni led the discussion on "The Bachelor and the Bobby Soxer."

On December 5 John Coughlin led the discussion on "Where There's Life" and on December 12 Duane Brown and Mildred Waldman led the discussion on "Crossfire."

On January 8 the Club discussed the ten best and the ten worst pictures of the year according to the accounts in *The New York Times*.

THE CAMERA CLUB

The members of the Camera Club posed for each other on Thursday, December 11, in Room 311. Everyone brought his own film and camera to take pictures.

The regular developing, printing, and enlarging have been taking place. Plans are also being made for an outdoor meeting where everyone will have a chance to take pictures.



THE JUNIORS PREPARE TO VOTE

Carl Lunde, '49

LEADERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Junior Class elections presented the closest contests P. H. S. has had in a number of years due to the excellent group of candidates the Junior Class had to choose from.

Anthony Sacchetti, with the largest amount of votes, won the presidency over Paul Bosquet. Edward Grady, a vocational student, defeated a fellow-vocational student, William Stumpek, for Boy Vice-President.

Ella V. Diczco lost the Girl Vice-Presidency to Ann Bossidy by seven votes, while Virginia Pratt, running for secretary, edged out Helen Giftos by only one vote. Nancy Knoblock was defeated by Vivian Traversa, who became treasurer by a small margin.

We wish the best of luck for a successful year to Anthony Sacchetti, president; Edward Grady, boy vice-president; Ann Bossidy, girl vice-president; Virginia Traversa, treasurer; and the Junior Class.

The Junior Ring Committee has already been appointed with Albert Romasco, *Chairman*, assisted by Jean Shepardson, Lois Robbins, James McCarthy, Jay Wertman, and Richard Sommerville.

GOOD GOVERNMENT DAY

On December 9, 1947, James Edmonds and Warren Preble were elected to go to Boston on February 9, the day set aside by Governor Robert Bradford and the Massachusetts legislature for high school students from all over the state to run the government. Jimmy will be the only senator, while "Pete" is one of the seven representatives from Berkshire County.

On January 9, 1948 during the A Period Good Government Day was observed by an assembly in the auditorium.

The program for this assembly follows:

Introduction	Roy M. Strout
America	Student Body
Not They But We	Loraine Northwood
Pledge Allegiance	Student Body
Remarks	Edward J. Russell
	Superintendent of Schools
America the Beautiful	Marion Fisher
Remarks	Mayor Robert T. Capeless
Star Spangled Banner	Student Body

Mayor Capeless urged the students, as the country's future voters, to recognize authority, and to become interested in the government through the people who govern them.

HI-Y NOTES

The All Club's Meeting for the Tri-Hi and Hi-Y members took place December 23 at the Y. M. C. A. Speeches were made by Mr. Elliot Preble, who introduced Mr. Arnold Eggert, who is going to take Mr. Paul Newman's place. Mr. Newman is going to another town to start other Hi-Y Clubs. Gifts were presented to both Mr. and Mrs. Newman.

Alpha and Gamma went together by chartered bus to watch the first basketball game between Pittsfield and Lee. Alpha also held a scavenger hunt at the president's house at which everyone had fun.

Beta has been busy planning for their annual Sadie Hawkins Dance, which is to be held March 5, 1948, with Sheila Rohen as chairman. These busy girls took time off to enjoy a social with Torch.

A tour of the radio stations, WBRK and WBEC, was made by Delta. This proved to be a successful and interesting trip.

Gamma held two swimming parties which were enjoyed a great deal. They are planning to have a lecture on "Beauty" by Rose Phillips.

The Dalton Hi-Y boys were invited by Sigma to attend a social. Fun was had by all. In addition to the social they held a sleigh ride.

Arrangements for the "Bluejean Jump" are certainly keeping Zeta busy. Everyone is working hard so as to make this a big success.

SENIOR NOTES

At a recent meeting of the Senior Class Council the following Chairmen were chosen: Class Day, Barbara Stickles; Senior Prom, James Burns; Senior Banquet, Margaret Kelly. These chairmen and their committees will see more action later on in the year.



MR. WALTER F. REAGAN

MEET THE FACULTY

Here is a man who probably needs no introduction to the students at Pittsfield High School, Mr. Walter F. Reagan. Mr. Reagan graduated from the University of Vermont. He then entered the Accounting Department of the General Electric Company in their general accounting offices at Schenectady, New York. He spent two years there in the General Electric Business Training Course. In 1935 Mr. Reagan came to P. H. S. as a teacher of bookkeeping, accounting and commercial mathematics. He is the Junior Boys' Class Councilor. Mr. Reagan's favorite pastimes are athletics and reading when he finds time. Strenuous as a teaching career is, Mr. Reagan says he enjoys being a teacher at Pittsfield High School.

VOCATIONAL NEWS

The past Junior Class elections showed that more Vocational boys are taking an interest in school activities. After the primaries we were pleased to see that both candidates for the vice-presidency were Vocational boys. Ed Grady and Bill Stumppek represented, respectively, the machine shop and auto body. We can all be sure that the machine shop was happy to see that Ed Grady was elected.

So far in the past two years we have had few boys take part in school activities. Personally we think that a few is not enough. Many more boys should try to represent the Vocational Department in the different school activities. They should realize that the Vocational Department is just as much a part of the school as the other courses. In one instance a student of Pittsfield High said that Vocational boys are in a rut and will get nowhere in life. We are sure that no Vocational boy and a very few of the academic students feel that way. One way that we can prove that Vocational is truly an important part of Pittsfield High is to keep up with the other students and follow in the steps of "Merk" Contenta, Senior President, and Ed Grady, Junior Vice-President.

MINUTE INTERVIEWS

What are your expectations for the Leap Year?

"GINNY" PRATT—One extra letter.

JACK STRAUSS—It doesn't make any difference to me. No girl in her right mind would ask me out.

ANNAMAE SCHAFER—366 days—now's my chance!

MARGARET HARRISON—Leap Year—oh joy! Now's the chance to get my boy!

"JOE" HANDLER—One more day of sleep.

EMMA PETTIT—Who knows—?

JOHN STEBBINS—An extra day? Ima "jean" that!

JEAN SMITH—I won't have to worry—he's already caught!

JOAN MULLANEY—A "leap" for the better, I hope.

MARIO BRUNI—With girls who know people best, it'll be men, 2 to 1.

DOROTHEA OPPERMANN—Wouldn't you be surprised!

EMMA JONES—I'll wait until '52.

CARL LUNDE—For '48 I hold no fears; '52 and '56 will be the years.

LAURA STOSKIN—Ah—the first Leap Year I'm old enough to really appreciate!

"TEDDY" DRESSMAN—

My financial condition will no longer be a wreck;

When I go out on a date, the gal will pay the check!

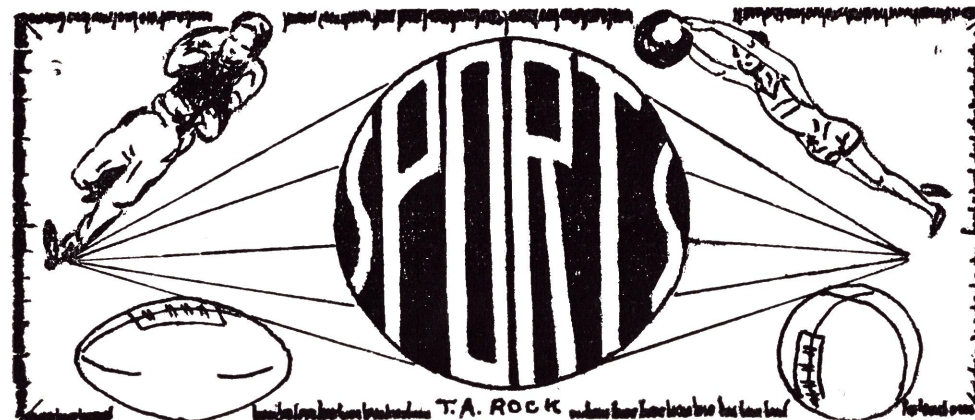
WILLIAM COLBERT—The election of a Republican.

ROXANE WEAVER—That's the \$64 question.

"JERRY" BURT—"Mary" days are here again!



WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO LAUNCH THE SHIPS ??
(A JANITOR CONTEMPLATES THE "SEA" AROUND THE DRINKING FOUNTAIN).



PITTSFIELD OVERWHELMS ST. JOE'S (N. A.)

By Jim Cederstrom and Jay Reder

Pittsfield High's crack basketball squad showed its greatest offensive form of the season to date in defeating St. Joseph's of North Adams by the score of 55 to 26. The game was played January 16 in the "Tunnel City".

Led by Walter Creer and William "Bobo" Quadrozzi, who scored 13 and 10 points respectively, the lead of the purple quintet was never seriously impaired. It rose from a 9 point advantage at the end of the first 8 minute period to a 15 point lead at the end of the third period. A sustained fourth period drive boosted the score to a final 29 point spread.

Ed McMahon and Dick Pucko sparked the final drive, Ed dunking in 7 points and Dick accounting for 6 points. McDonough of the North Adams aggregation was high scorer for his team with 7 points.

DALTON BEATEN, 40-23

By James Dillon

Pete Snyder led Pittsfield High to a surprisingly decisive victory in the Dalton Community House on January thirteen. By virtue of their upset victories over Drury and St. Joe (P), the Papertowners were expected to give the Foxmen quite a battle, but the fans never saw one.

The Purple wasted no time in jumping into the lead, as Wally Creer gave a preview of what was to come with a mid-court set shot.

Pittsfield gained exactly half of their floor goals in this manner.

Donald Morehead again outplayed a taller opponent as he outscored highly-regarded Tony Calabrese, 7 to 6.

The P. H. S. starting five made 9, 8, 7, 6, and 5 points. Snyder, Quadrozzi, Morehead, Cauffman, and Creer were the scorers in that order.

BENNINGTON 26—P. H. S. 23

By James Dillon

Pittsfield High almost pulled a giant-kill on January 9 at the armory when they lost a heartbreaking decision to highly-rated Bennington High School. It was a heartbreaker in that the locals had led the Vermonters from the opening whistle of the second period until the third minute of the closing canto.

Last year at this stage of the season, a huge red-headed center from Bennington was the key figure in a smashing upset over a favored Purple team. This year, that same boy, Dan Scott, led a stubborn second-half rally towards payday for his mates.

Pittsfield, in the lead at halftime by a score of 12-9, was outscored in the second half 17 to 11, during which time Scott matched his opponents point for point. Don Morehead, who had done a great blanketing job on his opposing center up until intermission, just couldn't keep up with the red-head's extra 3 or 4 inches of height during the last two chapters. In addition, Coach Fox's charges endured their worst night of shooting yet this year.

FOXMEN TAKE SECOND STRAIGHT, 43-33

By James Dillon

Staging a great last-quarter uphill fight, Pittsfield High rode to its second North Berkshire League victory in as many starts as they trimmed a fast Williamstown quintet at the cramped high school gym in that town on January 6.

It was a very happy home crowd that looked at the scoreboard at the termination of the first period. P. H. S. trailed at that time, 11-3.

Williamstown was still in the lead at the close of the third quarter, but the difference had meanwhile been whittled to one point. Then, as they have done so often on the football field, the Purple staged one of

their last chapter drives, and outscored the Collegetowners 17 to 6, to win by 10 points.

Scoring laurels were divided evenly among Pittsfield: Bud Cauffman and Bob Quadrozzi led with 8 points each. Pete Snyder, back in a starting role, hung up 7, as did Don Morehead; Petruzella and Creer added 6 apiece.

P. H. S. NOSES ADAMS

By James Dillon

Pittsfield High's basketball team started its 1948 Northern Berkshire League season on the right foot by gaining a shaky but official 32-31 victory over Adamson January 2.

The name Quadrozzi seems, as it did last year, to be a most important one in the Purple lineup, for after Bobo had scored 12



A Scramble
for the Ball
in the
Searles Game

Carl Lunde, '49

points, his departure via the foul route in the final quarter was a near disaster for the locals. Adams, trailing 31-23 at that time, proceeded to score 6 points in the space of 45 seconds, and thus cut the lead down to one basket. It was here that Wally Creer sank a foul shot to give P. H. S. a three point advantage. That was a lucky thing, for seconds later, Adams' Bobby Urquhart scored on a layup, and the difference was but a single point. Right there the game ended, and the 1200 fans in the armory left for home to give their hoarse throats therapeutic treatment.

Don Morehead, the youngest member of the starting five, was invaluable as a rebounder. In addition to Quadrozzi's 12 points, Capt. Cauffman and Creer, the two guards, contributed 8 and 7, respectively. The veteran Bob Belliveau led the visitors with 16 tallies.

Here is the exhibition record:

P. H. S.	Opp.
36	Lee 37
30	Searles 33
50	Lenox Prep 28
38	Northampton 36

HOCKEY REPORT

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

The P. H. S. hockey team opened its season by tying Westfield High 0-0 at the Springfield Coliseum. Roger Karatkiewicz, in the cortege for Pittsfield, was the outstanding player of his team. Their next outing saw Coach John Carmody's squad bow to a strong West Springfield team in overtime. The score was three to two. Goals for Pittsfield were registered by Captain Rit Arpante (unassisted) and by "wing" Connie Carmody on a pass from Don Troy. The third game, also played on the Coliseum ice, was lost by the score of four to one, the opponent being Holyoke. The game was tied one to one, with seconds to go in the second period, when Champagne of Holyoke, a defense-man, scored to put the "paper-townners" ahead 2-1. Holyoke then coun-

tered two more goals in the final period, leaving the score four to one. Pittsfield's lone goal was made by Murphy on a spot pass from Troy.

The squad this year has an unusually large number of proficient members, many being sophomores. With this in mind we can readily see, in the near future, championship hockey teams at Pittsfield High.

P. H. S. BOWLING CHAMPS

By James Dillon

Pittsfield High wrote itself off as a champion in another sport by annexing the Berkshire County Interscholastic Bowling Title on January third.

The local bowlers knocked down 1449 pins in winning over seven opposing schools. Jimmy Sessions with 320, and Pete Nash with 114, both of P. H. S., rolled high three-string total and high single, respectively.

Duke Lahart of Lenox High tied Nash's mark.

ED STRAUSS WINS TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP

By Jay Reder and Jim Cederstrom

Ed Strauss, popular P. H. S. senior, won the Junior New England Table Tennis Championship December 13 at the Springfield Y. M. C. A. Ed, who is champion of the local "Y", had encountered little opposition as he breezed through the early rounds of the yearly classic. In the finals though, he was pitted against the favorite, Gary Scollard, of Springfield, holder of the title for the past year. The match which was to have been a best-three-out-of-five affair drew much interest, for both contestants had previously exhibited great skill in playing a slamming game. In four breathtaking contests Ed emerged the champion, winning by the scores of 21-18, 21-19, 18-21, and 21-6.

At the conclusion of the tourney, James J. Carey of Springfield, chairman of the event, presented to Ed a handsome trophy signifying his superiority over all teen-aged table tennis stars of New England.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Gloria Di Pietro

Volleyball Tournament:

Again the juniors have taken a championship without a close competitor. This time it was in volleyball.

The scores:

Dec. 10—Juniors	55—Sophomores	14
Dec. 11—Juniors	73—Seniors	15
Dec. 12—Seniors	31—Sophomores	26
Dec. 15—Juniors	64—Sophomores	11
Dec. 16—Juniors	56—Seniors	19
Dec. 17—Sophomores	37—Seniors	28
Dec. 19—Sophomores	37—Seniors	36

The teams:

Sophomore: Captain, Dianne Shuster; Catherine Mierzejewski, Theresa Malumphy, Lorita Martinelli, Marion Felton, Jeanette Cornelius, Marcia Viale, Monica

Pytke, Rita Biron and Carolyn Smith.

Senior team: Captain, Roxanne Weaver, Barbara Gould, Barbara May, Jean Smith, Mary Kelley, Elaine Morrier, Catherine Komuniecki, Charlotte Blackwell, Irene Mindlin, Dorothea Opperman, Selma Garbowit and Jeanette Lyman.

Attention—seniors and sophomores: The object of the sport is to hit the ball over the net in such a way that your opponent cannot return the volley, thus giving your team one point. There are definite positions for each of the eight players on the team. All you must do is hit the ball when it comes to your territory and keep to your position. Tapping the ball is an art which can be mastered with practice. Keeping your po-



JUNIOR VOLLEYBALL TEAM, 1947 CHAMPIONS

Left to right—Front row—Wilma Streeter, Ilene Zajchowski, Kathryn Nicola, Irene Zajchowski, Shirley Moore. Back row—Norma Fitch, Phyllis Lisi, Clara Beraldi, Margaret Brown, Mary Bonneville, Norma Carosso, Joanne Reder.

sition should be the easiest task and yet, in the heat and excitement of the game, this is the most difficult. Once out of your position, you create a noticeable gap into which your opponent will naturally direct the ball, hoping that in your haste to get to it, your own momentum will send it flying wild. Most of the winning scores were the result of these gaps.

The senior and sophomore teams showed a tendency to shift with the ball as in the shifting zone defense of basketball. So numerous were the times that this happened that, to the spectator, it seemed to be a set pattern of play. A brief coverage of the games is found in the following notice on the gym bulletin, written by the seniors themselves.

"After the ball had been served by the sophomores, we heard a discussion, which went as follows:

Sel G.: "Why didn't you hit it?"

Rox B.: "I thought Char was going to."

Char B.: "Are you kidding? I wasn't near it!"

P.S.: The seniors lost the game!!!

P.P.S.: You're good sports, seniors!

Of the different types of taps used, spiking was the most interesting and hardest to return as they just cleared the net and fell rapidly. Since touching the net is a foul, it made a delicate situation for the opponents. The nicest and most strategic taps came off the fingers of sophomores Monica Pytke and Theresa Malumphy, and Norma Fitch, a junior.

The juniors played a steady game, rarely mixing their positions.

Tournament gems came from a senior and a sophomore. Never shall we forget the uproar Irene Mindlin caused when she raised her foot in a quarterback punt at a low ball. The next day, the following notice was tacked on the gym bulletin: "Notice to all seniors—Irene Mindlin has been elected captain of the senior Girls' Football Team

because of her outstanding footwork in the senior-junior volleyball game."

When Jeanette Cornelius served in another game, the ball sailed to her left and dropped through the side hoop with a swish! Had a certain, desperate F. M. T. A. League team seen that beautiful basket, they would have signed this sophomore up, but fast!

A Poll on Appeal

This month, we decided to poll the girls on their preference of sports. Helen Keefe, Joan Gaudette, Jo Ann Skowron and Miriam Najimy asked this question of ninety girls: "What is your favorite sport and why?" Here are the choicest answers:

"Football—I like to see them on the ball!"

"Basketball—I drool while the players dribble!"

"Baseball—'Red Sox,' 'Ted Williams.' 'Joe' (need we say more?)."

"Swimming—(Einstein II speaking)—It's something like math—lots of figures!"

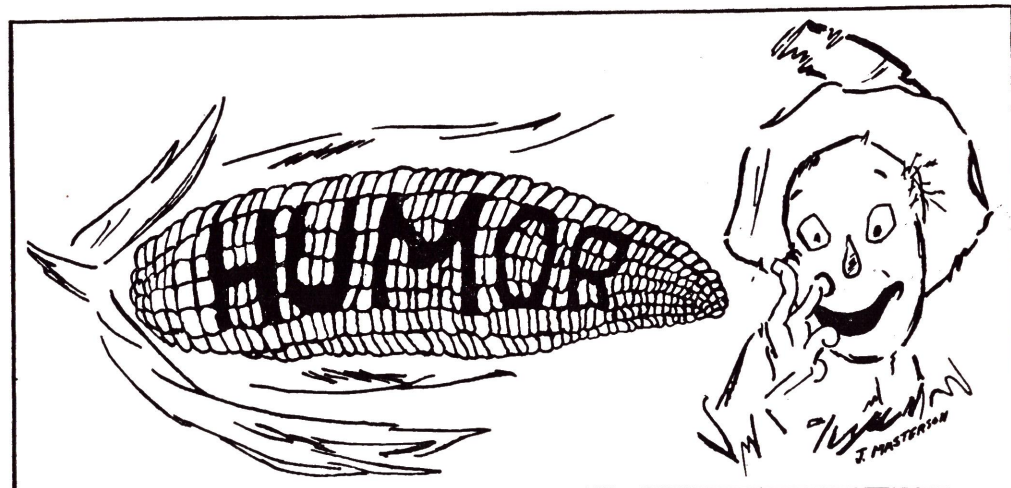
"Bowling—It's right up my alley." "I like to stay behind the eightball." (Is this bowling?)

Basketball:

That long awaited sport, basketball, is almost upon us. The Round Robin Tournament will begin February 1. About ten teams are expected to compete. They will go the rounds once. There are about one hundred girls who signed up, and the tournament is the only way to give all of them a chance to learn, play, and enjoy the sport. The interclass teams (thirty girls) will begin their schedule at the conclusion of the tournament, sometime in April. *The competition is expected to be pretty keen.* I've said it, and I'm glad!!

Bowling:

Many girls are out for bowling this year. There are four bowling days a week in which a total of one hundred and eighty girls knock down "duckpins". The championship is something to look forward to. Last year, Betty Bianchi hit 124.



Mr. Sheridan (looking into boys' room): "Are any of you smoking?"

Boys: "No, Mr. Sheridan. It's just the fog we're in."

The other day one of the seniors (probably Calnan) came to school disguised—he shaved.

It is said that one junior girl hung up an empty bottle at Christmas instead of a stocking. She intends to wear leg makeup this year.

Miss Kaliher: "George Washington was an exceptionally honest man."

Jack Strauss: "Then why do they close the banks on his birthday?"

Jo Anne Reder: "Miss Morse, wasn't King Louis a very straight man?"

Miss Morse: "What do you mean by straight?"

J. A. R.: "Well, the book says he was a ruler, so he must have been straight!"

Mr. Goodwin: "There is only one thing wrong with this excuse. It reads: 'Please excuse me—'"

Miss Prediger: "Joan, do you have anything on Washington?"

J. Holleran: "No! I've never been out with him."

Pete Snyder: "Last Saturday night I had an awful nightmare. I sleep-walked in my pajamas all the way to the Oasis, but they wouldn't let me in."

Bud Cauffman: "Why not?"

P. S.: "No necktie!"

Up in room 316, a beaker full of lime, Four and twenty test tubes breaking all the time.

Through the doors and windows the fumes begin to leak.

Isn't that a heck of a mess to have five days a week?

Mr. Conroy: "How can you get rid of varnish?"

J. Dennison: "Take out the 'r' and make it vanish!"

One of the school bus drivers seems to possess a sense of humor. Every morning, upon arrival at school, he exclaims "Alcatraz!"

G. Murphy: "When I went to the ball game Friday night, somebody stole my money."

J. Milne: "Well, that'll teach you to carry it in a safe place."

G. M.: "I did. I had it in my sock."

J. M.: "Then how did it get stolen?"

G. M.: "A midget picked my ankle."

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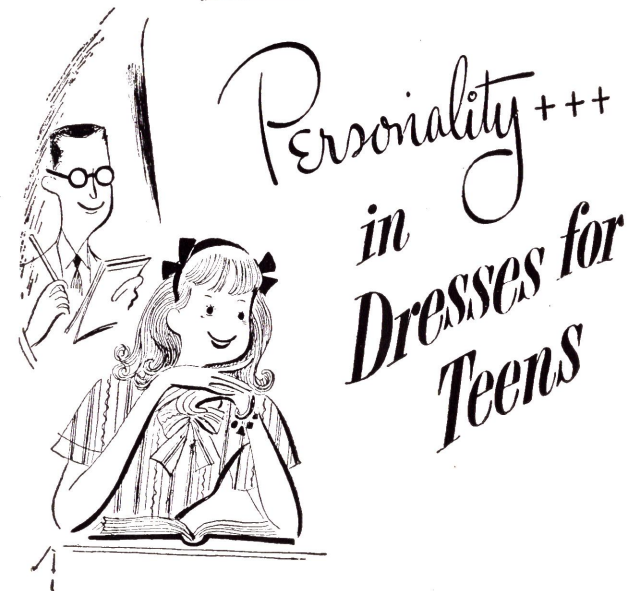
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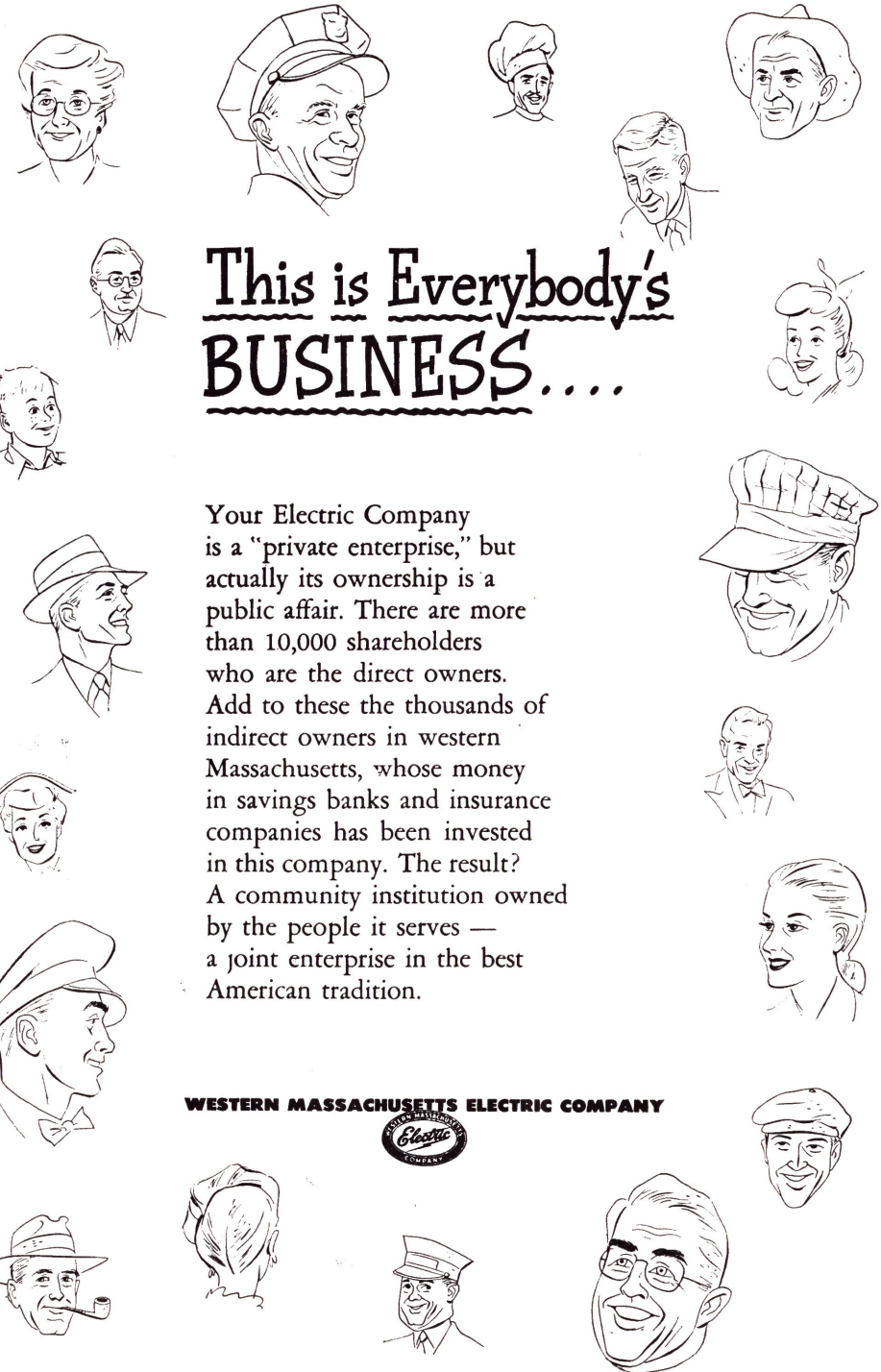


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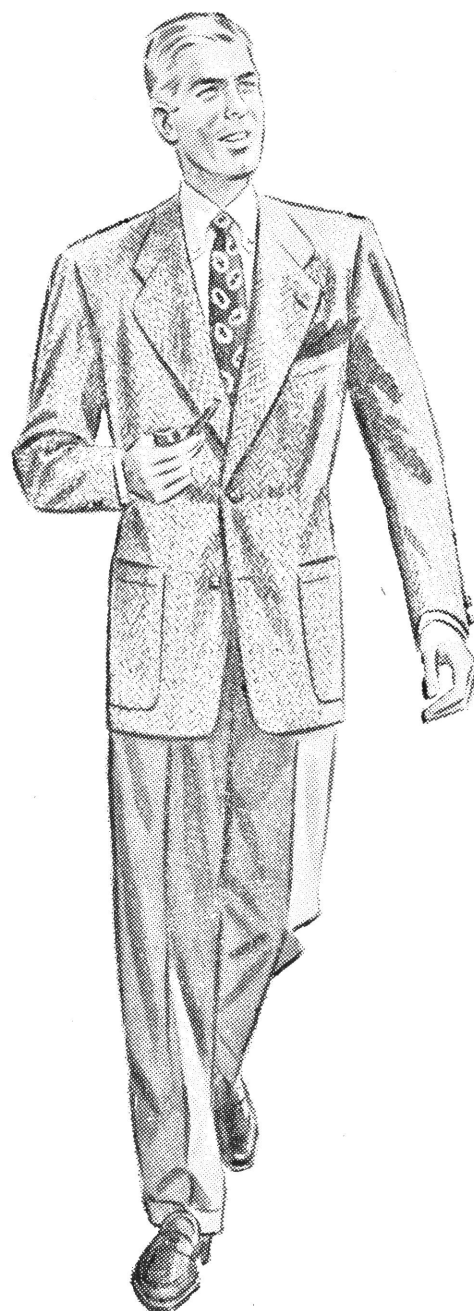
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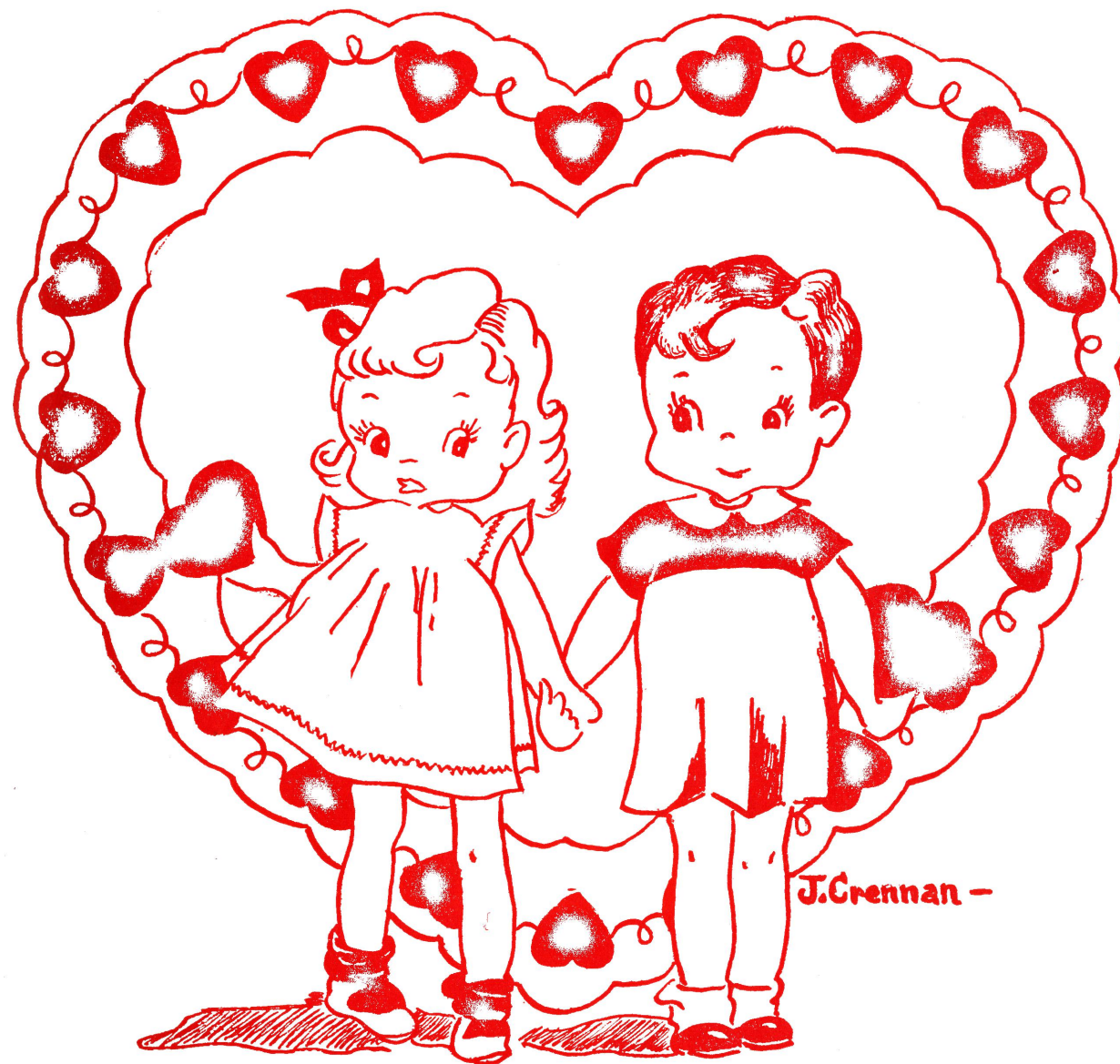
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